You do but build a most inviting hedge, Behind which falsehood and deceit may lurk. When you embroider fair the outer edge, And to the inner give no honest work.

The silken chain of habit which you wear
Bo lightly now upon your careless youth
Will strengthen strand by strand; then have a
care!
Else it may throttle the sweet soul of truth.

*I hold that every stitch untruly set
Weaves a soiled thread along your web
fate;
And each deceitful seam may prove a net
To hurt and hinder, trust me, soon or late.

"Ah, dearest child, on everything you do
Let the white seal of honor stamp its grace.
Reep all your soul as clean with Heaven's dew
As the pink flower of your tender face.

"God makes no clumsy linings. Mark thi A 'fairy's glove;' and though it grieves my

To send the smallest blossom to its tomb, We'll tear the dainty little glove spart. "In this and every flower that we behold,
From crimson robe to pansy's purple vest,
God sews the velvet on the inner fold,
And makes His linings fairer than the rest.

Is it not perfect, from the slender stem To the brown dapples on the curling rim? God folds not carelessly the foxglove's hem; Then try, my little child, to be like Him."

— May Riley Emith, is N. Y. Observer,

AN ELEPHANT'S TRACK

An Account of the Pinson Fam-ily's Trip to the Circus.

"I kin be done, Nance, an I'm a-goin' to do it ef it busts me." Newt Pinson brought the forelegs of his raw-hide-bottomed chair down on the puncheon floor with a thump, and slapped his knoes emphatically with his hairy hands. "Five dollars air a mighty heap to spen

fer sech foolishness, Newt," replied his wife, turning the squalling baby over on its stomach and pounding it vigorously on the back. "Mo'over," she added, after a pause, "I don't see ez ye be got the five dollars, no-

Mr. Pinson stretched out one long leg and thrust a hand into his trousers pocket. "Ye're mighty right, Nance, I 'ain't," he admitted, blowing the loose tobacco from the handful of coin fetched up from the honest me-made depths; "I've got jes three dol lars and a half lef' outn what Sam Leggett paid me fer the yearlin.' But me an' the children hev been a-talkin' of it over, an' they hev conclusioned to th'ow in ther aigg money; Dan fo' bits, an' Pete fo'; Joe an' Jed hcz two bits betwix' em, an' Polly M'riar say ez how she hev fifteen cents. I'm sckin' of a dime, but I reckin I kin scratch

"Ther's my two bits up yan in the clock," Mrs. Pinson remarked, with pretended in difference; "ye kin take that of ye air sech a plumb fool ez to pike the whole passel of us inter town to see the circus."

"Shucks, Nance!" he returned, indig-nantly; "I ain't a-goin' to tech yo' two bits." Nevertheless he got up and fumbled about in the clock case on the high mantel shelf until he found it. "Anyhow," he added, as he reseated himself, "I kin pay it back whence ye git ready fer ye' nex' bottle o' "Will they be a el'phant?" demanded one

of the freckle-faced urchins gathered round the heads of the family, listening, breathless, to the discussion.
"A dollar fer Nance, an' a dollar for me,"

Mr. Pinson counted, gravely, taking no no-tice of the interruption, "an' fo' bits apiece fer Beck an' Dan an' Pete an' Polly M'riar an' Joe an' Jed. Children half price"—he gianced casually at the flaming circus poster tacked against the chinked wall in the chimfifteen cents left, by jing!"

"Do ye reckin I kin git in fer half price, paw!" This question, which came from Becky, the oldest of the Pinson brood, who stood five feet six and a half inches in her bare feet, might have been meant as a bit of covert sarcasm, had not the eager voice be-lied any such intention. Her father's eyes traveled slowly up from the hem of her homespun frock, as she stood leaning against the chimney jamb, to her pretty round face framed in its shock of frizzly red hair. "Waal, I be dinged, Beck!" he exclaimed in dismay, "I keep fergittin' ez how ye air growed up! His face clouded, and he looked ruefully at the pile of dimes and half-dimes

lying in his large palm.

*An' Sam Leggett's gone to Kansas on a old Dan, with a meaning leer at Becky. A vivid blush overspread her face; she dropped eyelids and squirmed her shapely toes But Mr. Pinson was absorbed in a mute re ulation, which ended presently in a beat out whistle and a mournful shake of the

Mrs. Pinson, with the colicky baby laid over her shoulder, was jolting her rocker-less chair to and fro, and singing, in a sweet drawling undertone: Far-ye-well, oh, far-ye-well; When ye git to hev-ven ye will pa-art n-o-c

She interrupted herself to observe, quietly "Ye kin tote the baby, Beck; an' I kin tote Joe; an' yo' paw he kin tote Jed, twel we git inside the tent. They ain't no charge for

children in arms. It says so."

"Lord, Nance!" exclaimed her husband, in an ecstacy of admiration, "ye air the beatenes' white woman on Rastler's Creek!

That settles it oncet mo! Fetch me a coal er my pipe, Polly M'riar."

Becky heaved a deep sigh of relief, and sank down on her heels, reaching under her nothern chair at the same time for the snuff bottle.

"Will they be a el'phunt!" persisted Jed, the town had been next to the baby, already in long trousers, which were hitched up to his shoulders with a single white cot-

"Of co'se. They is al'uz a el'phunt with a circus," replied his father.
"I 'aint nuver seen no circus," said Mrs.
Pinson, in jerks between the long-drawn
swells of her mournful lullaby.

"Nuther hev I," admitted Newt, "but I les natchly know that ever' circus has got to hev a el'phunt an' a clown."

to hev a el'phunt an' a clown."

"Didn' i tell ye so!" cried Dan, triumphantly, following with a dirty forefinger the head-lines of the poster. "Ain't the el'phunts right here, a dancie' an' a stan'in on they heads, an' a rollin' o' barrils! An' ez fer clowns! they is four mirth-pro-vo-king clowns in this here show. It says so. An' five beau-ti-ful and so-com-plished lady hare-back right!" and he continued to spell out laborter if the manifold and unrivaled attractions of Riddler's Manmoth Circus and Menageric, billed—for one performance only—in Johnsburg at two o'clock p. m., Monday, the 18th of October. Come One, Come All.

abruck by a sudden thought, stared shifting the brush unessily from ner of her mouth to the other. "Like one corner of her mouth to the other. Like ex not," she broke out, abruptly, "Brother Skaggs" il preachagin it nex' Sunday. Sho's yo' hawn, Brother Skaggs air a-goin' ter

Mrs. Pinson stopped singing; Polly Ma-ria and the boys turned stricken faces upon

His eyes twinkled under their bushy red brows, but his voice was decorously sober as he drawled: "Brother Skaggs hev gone to Confunce, an' he won't be back twei Bat'day week. Ye min', Nance," he continued, "it air thirty-one mile to town, an' of we lay to git ther in time for the shew

Monday, we got to camp somewhers 'bout Jim-Ned Creek Sunday night."

"Jes to think o' me goin' to town oncet mo'!" said Mrs. Pinson, meditatively, that night, when she and Becky were getting support in the brush arbor behind the cabin. "I 'sin't been sence you was a baby, Beck. Yo' paw an' me went to Wash Dingwall's infair—he died with his boots on four year ago; an' Tempunce Loo—thet's his widder—she's married agin to Bijy Green. I rid behin' him, an' he toted you on his lap. Townfolks air mighty bigaty," she added, warning/y; "'n' ye mus' do up thet pu'ple callier o' yourn, Beck, an' put on yo' shoes an' stockin's."

"Seems lak fo' days won't nuver go,"

declined with thanks, and drove on to the town on the thorn the ex-cessive strain upon it—where Dan and Pete fool game o' cyards—yander. O Lord—" he ended with a groan. A single wild wail burst from Polly Maria and the boys. Then they huddled against their mother's skirts in mute agony.

A faint flush passed over Mrs. Pinson's thin face, and the light faded from her dark sort of way, whereat Mrs. Pinson shuddered and hugged the sleeping baby closer to her bosom.

Old Baldy and Jinny were unhitched and fed from the trough at the back of the wagon; the panting dogs lay down in the shade of the church; the children had a how."

"Seems lak fo' days won't nuver go," fretted Beck, "an' ole Baldy air sho to lame his se'f, or sump'n'. It's alluz that a-way whence a body are plumb sot on doin' a

But the four days did go, and when the But the four days did go, and when the eventful Sunday afternoon came, old Baldy, unusually sound and spirited, was with Jinny, the gaunt gray mule, harnessed to the wagon; the patched and dingy cover was drawn over the bows, a bundle or two of fodder and a few ears of corn were thrown into the hinder part, and Mr. Pinson drove gayly alongside of the rail-fence in front of the cabin. The rickety house door was drawn to with a rock behind it to keep it shut. A couple of chairs were handed up it shut. A couple of chairs were handed up for Mrs. Pinson and Beeky, and they clambered in with the baby. The yellow cotton poke, well stuffed with corn bread and bacon, and the battered coffee-pot and frying-pan, were stowed under the chairs. Polly Maria and the boys sat on a quilt spread over the sweet-smelling fodder; Rove, Ring and Spot, the leau, long-eared brown hounds, yelped and whined against

They joited away, serious, as became a perfessin' fambly on a Sunday, but full of inward excitement. At night they camped on the pecan-fringed banks of Jim-Ned, and were off betimes in the morning. But not too soon to find the roads lively with friends too soon to find the roads lively with friends and acquaintances from all the settlements around, bound on the same joyous errand as themselves. They passed Joe Holder, with his wife and sister-in-law and the thirteen looked at him with a sudden kindly smile, and slipped a stick of peppermint candy into children of the two families, creaking along in a huge freighter's wagon drawn by five yoke of gaunt, wide horned oxen; they were overtaken and outstrepped by a noisy squad of girls and young men on horseback from the February was a superior of the february training the state of the state o ne Fork Valley neighborhood; they kept within hailing distance for a dozen miles or note of old Daddy Gardenbrier and his wife, riding double on their blind yellow mare. The Mount Zion folks, they heard, were patient youngster who trotted by on a paint pony threw over his shoulder the informa-tion that the Big Puddle lay-out was coming

n behind.
"Lord, Nance!" Mr. Pinson exclaimed acre than once that morning, "I wouldn't of took five dollars to of staid at home." "Nuther would I, Newt," Mrs. Pinson as often returned, with a kind of solemn de-

light on her thin, sallow face.

The long reaches of post-oak "rough" were heavy with sand; the shinn-oak prairies between were a tangle of roots that zigzagged across the road, and made progries between was the road, and made progzigzagged across the road, and made proginny.

"One for one, two for hee, three gets the half-a-dollah!" bawled another individual who had set a table near by covered with wooden nine-pins. Jack Carter and his wooden nine-pins. October sun was hot; and by noon old Baldy had become utterly dispirited. He had, moreover, fallen a little lame, and he moved dejectedly along by Jinny, who long ago of weariness and discontent.

The Pinsons under the dingy wagon cover vere well nigh speechless with impatience. Suddenly Dan stood up, knocking his head against the low wagon bows. "Jes over yan," he declared, "pas' one little bit o shinn-oak prery, an' crost a dry creek, an' up a hill, is town." Dan had been to town once with Sam Leggett to lay out his long-hoarded egg money in a four-bladed knife and a pair of store suspenders. Polly Maria, slim and thin-legged, stand-ing up haside him.

ing up beside him, pitched backward into the fodder as the wagon came to a sudden halt behind a group of dismounted horse-men, who, with their bridles over their arms, were squatting down, apparently searching for something in a half-dried mudpuddle to the right of the road. "Hullo, Jack!" called Mr. Pinson; "what ye lost!" One of the men looked over his shoulder. "Hy're, Newt? Howdy, Mis' Pinson!" he cried, springing to his feet and coming back oulder to the side of the wagon, where he shook hands all around. "We 'ain't lost nothin'," he went on, putting a foot upon the hub of hot tire; "we done found sump'n', though, sof' mud vander, plain ez davlight, an' no

Polly Maria and the boys scrambled in hot haste over the tail-board. Mr. Pinson threw down the reins, and held the baby while Becky and her mother jumped out.
"Wish I may die ef it ain't a el'phunt track sho!" he exclaimed, when he had joined the condering circle gathered about the huge

"It looks to me lak ez ef it were hind-side afore somehow," said Mrs. Pinson, timidly.
"I have just been explaining to Mr. Jack Cyarter here and these other gentlemen, nadam," said Mr. Tolliver, the old Virginian who taught the school at Ebenzer Church, "that it is a fact in natural history that the track of the elephant always presents that appearance." He removed his hat as he

"Ye don't say!" murmered Mrs. Pinson ver-awed. Jack Carter and his friends mounted their horses and dashed away, followed at a more sober pace by Mr. To lliver on his slab-sided

The Pinsons cli mbed back to their place and jogged on, across the bit o' prery and over the dry creek—where they came near getting stalled—and up the hill. On its rest Newt Pinson involuntarily drew up. "By jing! this beats me/" he ejaculated, with widening eyes. The square at the foot of the slope was in an uproar. Horses stood nose to nose around the court-house fence, and were hitched to the scraggy mesquit-trees that shaded the town well. The dusty streets leading away from the plaza were blocked with wagons little and big, carts ambulances, dilapidated hacks, high-swung, red-bodied stages—every imaginable kind of vehicle—and all the intervening spaces as well as the irregular sidewalks in front of the four infacing rows of stores, were alive with men, women and children, who el-bowed one another, whooping, laughing. gesticulating-surging about in a state of the wildest, best-natured excitement. Beyond the unpainted little Baptist church, on the further side of the square, the circus tents were visible. Flags and streamers were flying from their poles, and a vanish-ing burst of music came floating from them up to the top of the hill.

"This beats me!" ejaculated Mr. Pinson again. With a deep-drawn breath he gathered up the ragged, homespun lines and drove down into the square, picking his way dexterously through the crowd until he dexterously through the crowd until he halted alongside the shaky platform in front of Bush Gaines' store. "Holloa agin, Newt—that you!" grinned Jack Carter from behind the counter within, where he was helping himself to a plug of tobacco. "Ye're jes' a minute to late to see the percession. It air certain a fine show. The el'phunt were ther', mighty nigh ez big ez Ebenezer Church. An' seech a clown! You'd a Church. An' seech a clown! You'd a sughed yo'sef to death to 'a seen him. His

laughed yo'sef to death to 'a seen him. His breeches air mor'n a yard wide, an' he 'aint got a hair on his head!"

"Ef we hadn't of stopped to look at the el'-phunt's track—" began Newt, regretfully; "but nuver min', Nance, it air a heap better to see it fust off fum the inside."

"O, a heap better," responded Mrs Pinson, with cheerful alacrity. Bush Gaines, measuring off some jeans for a Mt. Zion matron, called to Newt to bring his fambly in the sto' an' set down, an' pass the time o'day. But after a brief consultation with his wife, during which Bocky took mental note of some town girl in looped overskirts and bangs—an observation which bore fruit at the next Quarterly Meeting—Mr. Pinson

wagon; the panting dogs lay down in the shade of the church; the children had a snack all around out of the yellow poke, and Beeky and her mother fetched out the

chairs and sat down to "have a dip."
"It air a haffn nour yit twel the do's is open," said Mr. Pinson, finally. "Jes ye an' the childern stay right here, Nance. I'm goin' to tramp down to the pos'-office an' git the las' 'lection news, an' sich. I'll be

back the minit it air time, an' min' all be ready, lessn we don't git no seats."

Mrs. Pinson nodded, and he strolled away.
"This here beats ms," he kept saying to himself. Johnsburg was indeed in an unwonted state of excitement. Riddler's was the first circus that awar cultived whiles. circus that ever quitted the line of railway and ventured across the long sandy reaches of post-oak rough to the little isolated town in West Texas. And the whole surrounding country had pulled to its doors like the Pinson's, and responded to the invitation of the huge posters: "Come One. Come All." Newt's progress was slow, owing to the frequent encountering of neighbors and the necessity of inquiring after the health of their families. He did at last, however, each the post-office, a ram-shackle building text to the blacksmith shop. As he turned next to the the corner he came upon a cake-and-lemon-ade stand. His hand went instantly down

into his pocket, and came up with the extra fifteen cents, which he exchanged for three solid slabs of mahogany-colored ginger-bread, "Fer Nance an' the children," he

the parcel.

With one foot on the post-office step, he paused to look at a man who had planted a gigantic yellow umbrella out in the dust uare, and, standing bareheaded beneath it, was yelling some unintelligible jargon at the top of his lungs. Mr. Pinson hurried over and joined the ring of gaping specta On a bit of board in the shadow of the umbrella a couple of odd little mario nettes of colored metal were circling in a kind of grotesque waltz. "Lots of fun for twenty-five cents!" shouted the showman, stooping now and then to touch up the fig-ures with a stubby forefinger. "Lots of fun for twenty-five cents! The greatest toy invented in this age or any other. So simple that a crawling child can not fail to manage it! Those who know the trick will please say nothing. Cheap, gentlemen, for twenty-five cents. O, I see the gentleman is going to buy!" Newt grinned and shook his head regret-

crowd were throwing at these with little painted balls. A cigar, Jack explained to Newt, was the reward for one pin knocked own at a throw; two cigars went to the player who knocked down two; while the lucky thrower who succeeded in knocking down three received fifty cents. "One for one, two for two, three gets the half-a-dollah," went on the proprietor monotonously. "Three throws for five cents. Step up, gentlemen, and try your luck! For a nickel! One for one, two for two, three gets the half-

"Lord! ef I hadn't of bought this durned ginger-cake!" groaned Mr. Pinson in spirit, gathering the paper-parcel more securely under his arm and moving on with th crowd.

A step or two brought him to an open wagon from which a patent-medicine man was holding forth. "Try the remedy," he whined, flourishing a stout black bottle and a pewter spoon. "Cures all diseases! Try the remedy! Administered free of charge to any one in the crowd. This superb bottle wise man tries, the fool dies. Try the

mechanically wiping the perspiration from his forehead, and backing against the courthouse fence, where he leaned fairly ex hausted with the variety and novelty of his emotions. "The haffn hour mus' be night bout up. Dinged of I sin't glad," he continued, letting the crowd drift on without him to where the health-lift man was exhorting the cautious ranchmen to "try the machine, try the wonderful machine, gentlemen. Excellent for the constituotion! Only five cents a trial. Try the machine," and the reckiess cowboys were emptying their pockets at the invitation of the vender of

"Curious game that, sir," said a smooth voice at his elbow. He looked around, startled. A seedy but respectable-looking personage was standing by him with his arms crossed on the low fence. He jerked his head as he spoke toward a little knot of men hanging around the stile-steps leading into the weed-grown court house yard. a simple-enough-looking game at cards. An innocent-faced little fellow with black hair and curly mustache was manipulating the countrymen, unknown to Newt, with sus-piciously stiff white collars above their hickory shirts, and scrupe clean finger-nails, won successfully five do lars, and the dealer much chagrined.

on the point of giving up. Newt made half a step forward. His hear was beating violently and the blood was surging in his ears. "I'm a perfessin' mem he argued mentally with himself. spread out, "yit it air jes 'bout the easies' thing in creation to tell which one of them cyards air the right one. An' Nance an' dollars whence the show air over. Shucks!

And he counted out and laid down hi ndful of dimes and nickles, and hazarded a bet. He bent forward eagerly, and unnsciously stretched forth a hand. "Thi ere monty air a mighty deceivin' game,' remarked the blacksmith, with an air of conviction, as the dealer raked Mr. Pinson's ney into his own pocket and walked

jauntily away. Newt turned about, half dazed by th uddenness of the whole transaction, and ewildered by the jeers of the by-standers. Just then, however, a noisy burst of music ppening of the doors; a wild rush immedimoments the square was deserted, except by the patent-medicine man and the owner of the big umbrella. These joked each other

coully and slapped significantly their silver-weighted pockets.

Newt passed them with his head bent, Newt passed them with his head bent, heedless of the sneering laugh which they sent after him. As he approached the church he saw that Beeky had the baby; she was holding him up and smoothing the pink calico skirts over his fat white legs. Mrs. Pinson looked at him with an unwonted sparkle in her solemu black eyes as he drew near, and lifted the chunky Jed in her arms. She looks tak she did where I war account. 'She looks lak she did whence I war a-court in' of her," he thought, with a sore pang Joe plunged toward him with a sudden whoon. "Hurry, paw, hurry!" screamed Polly Maria, "we ain't a-goin' to git no seats lessen we hurry." He put Joe aside roughly and strode on to his wife. His face was set hard, though his mouth twitched convulsited."

"Lord-a-mighty, Newt Pinson, what ails ye!" ejaculated Mrs. Pinson, letting Jed slip from her arms. "Nothin' sin't silin' me es I knows on,"

beat out wi' these stuck-up townfolks, any how!"

Newt stared at her in silence, and slouched away. Her gaze followed him to the rear of the wagon; when he was beyond the reach of her voice she whirled around and blazed in a threatening half-whisper: "Ef ary one o' ye says a word to yer paw bout this here o' ye says a word to yer paw 'bout this here misfortin o' hisn, or 'bout hankerin' a'ter the show; er ef ary one o' ye ain't thet gamesome an' lively lak ez ef they wa'nt no sech a thing ez a circus, er a clown, er a el'phunt in this here livin' worl'—sho's ye bawn I'll shet the do' in Sam Leggett's face an' cowhide the balance o' ye twel ye can set down fer a week!"

Becky's ruddy cheeks grew pale. "Yes maw," she returned in a subdued tone.
"Yes, maw," echoed Polly Maria and the boys, stolidly, not without squeezing back some ungamesome tears, however, as they stood in a row against the Baptist church and watched their father bring around

Jinny and old Baldy. Had they only known it, they might hav seen, while they waited, the Lilliputian Lady and the Fat. Woman go by in a shaky back with torn curtains, and descend before the painted flaps of one of the side shows. But

they did not know. The wagon was turned around; they over the wheels and settled themselves under the dingy cover. As they noved slowly across the silent square i tremendous shout from the spectators within the tent, and a pompous fanfare from the brass band, announced that the Grand Entry had begun. Newt stalked along beside the tired team

owncast and miserable. "I've even fergot wher' I lef' the childerns' ginger-cake," he muttered to himself, as his mind went over and over the incidents of that fatal half

A curious hilarity prevailed that night around the little camp-fire. Mrs. Pinson, usually silent almost to taciturnity, had become all at once loquacious. She painted to and wickedness of town-folks; she pictured the denunciatory wrath of Brother Skaggs when he should learn that perfessin' mem bers of Siloam Church had been inside of circus tent; she related the experience of sundry sinners who had been overtaken by divine vengeance while in the very act o even lifted up her voiceandsang some parite ularly flame-and-brimstone promising hymn tunes. Becky, mindfulof Sam Leggett awa off in Kansas, seconded herefforts to keep the general cheerfulness up to a proper pitch. If it showed signs of flagging, however, a warning look, shot from beneath their mother's drooping cyclids, acted like a charm on Polly Maria and the boys.

Newt, who sat mournfully hugging hi knees at first, and gazing into space presently caught the infection himself, and then, finally, he unrolled a patch-quilt an threw himself thereon, closing his eyes in beaceful slumber, it was almost with the onviction that the five dollars had bee well lost in keeping a perfessin' fambly ou of the worldly and soul-destroying circu

Mrs. Pinson, sitting alone by the smou lering fire with the baby in her arms coked at his unconscious face upturned in the dim moonlight; her gaze traveled slowl from one muffled, indistinct form huddle under the shadow of the wagon to another she sighed heavily, and her face relapse into its usual somber expression. wisht—" she muttered; then after a long pause, as she stretched herself on the quilt beside her slumbering spouse and wrapped the baby's feet in an old shawl, she conclu ded with a little touch of triumph in her whispered tones: "Anyhow, I hev seen the el'phunt's track!"-M. E. Davis in Harper's Weekly.

THE LIMEKILN, CLUB.

Brother Gardner Exposes a Pinchbeel "It ar' my duty to explain," said Brother Gardner, as the hall grew quiet, "dat de Hon. Gawge Washington Jones, of Memphis, arrove heah two days ago on purpose to deliber a lecktur' befo' dis club. De name of leektur' ar': 'How an' When to Economise.' I had a chance to look de gem'lan ober an' size him up, an' las' night I walked him down to de ribber, pinted across to Canada an' told him to skipp. He skipped. Sich of you as had your moufs all ready for sumthin' good, will no doubt feel a bit disappointed until I furder explain. By a keerful study of the Hon. Jones I diskibered most of his pints.

"I found dat he was economizin' on boot-heels to buy mo' brass watch

"He was makin' one shirt las' him doorin' de spring sezun in order to buy fo' pink collars which reached up

to his ears. "He hadn't any underclothes, but h had a galvanized watch dat run twenty

six hours to de day. "He was barfut in his butes, but he wore a glass diamond dat nebber cost less dan thirty cents.

"He hadn't any obercoat, but he vore a pair o' bewtiful yaller kid gloves dat made ebery street-kyar hoss

stop dead in his tracks. "While he didn't carry a comb nor brush, he swelled out wid a blue handkerchief on which de Czar of Russia might hev ached to blow his nose.

"He showed me a dozen blank checks on varus banks dat he was luggin' around fur show, but it took his las nickel to git across to Canada.

"He had a bewtiful way of speakin" to you, but three different policeman war gwine to run him in fur a suspichus character. "While he hadn't had a good squar" neal fur two weeks, he was armed with

a dozen cheap cigars to make a show on de streets. "I looked ober him, an' under him, an' all around him, an' I cum to de conclushun dat we didn't want any of his hints on economy. I didn't want to seem too cold and severe wid him. an' arter turnin' de subjick ober in my

mind I decided dat de United States

was an onhealthy climate fur his system. On motion of Waydown Bebee, th thanks of the club were tendered the president for his action in the case, and resolution of sympathy was extended to Pickles Smith for having loaned the Hon. Jones \$2 in each without security.

-Detroit Free Press. -Until it is shown that earth below the five or six inches tilled is destitute of the elements that enter into plants it is wise to go deeper, particularly in he returned, in a dry, harsh voice; "we got it is wise to go deeper, part to go back home 'thout seein' o' the show, what are called heavy soils.

A SHORT REIGN.

Emperor Frederick, of Germany, at Last Relieved by Death.

The New Emperor Succeeds at the Age of Twenty-Nine-Short Sketches of Father and Son.

BERLIN, June 15.—Emperor Frederick died at the Friedrichskron Palace, at Potsdam, at eleven o'clock this morning. At his bedside were Empress Victoria, Crown Prince William, Prince Henry, Princess Victoria, Princess Fredericka, the Dowager Empress Augusta, Prince Bismarck, a member of the Ministry Dr. Morel Mackenzie and the assistant physi Dr. Morel Mackenzie and the assistant physicians, beside many other members of the household. Just before the Emperor's demse a Ministerial Council was held, and various important affairs of State hurriedly discussed. Prince Bismarck presided, and was much affected by the terrible pathos of the scene.

The funeral scryices will be more simple than those which took place over the body of Emperor William, but they will be none the less impressive, as Emperor Frederick was loved by every one of his subjects.

The Reichsanzeiger (official paper) publishes the following announcement:

"The Royal sufferer has ended his earthly career. By God's decree the Emperor King.

career. By God's decree the Emperor-King our most gracious master, passed to his eternal rest shortly after eleven o'clock this morning, after long and grievous sufferings, which were borne with admirable fortitude and submission to God's will. The Royal house and the Ger man people have been twice bereaved within a short time. They deeply mourn the all too early decease of our much beloved ruler.

"MINISTER OF STATE"



The Emperor died without a struggle. He wa surrounded by all the members of his family. The remains now lie on the bed on which the

Emperor died.

Hussars occupy the road from Friedrichskron
Castle to San Souci. In the interior of the castle the Lehr Battalion mounts guard under com-

mand of Major Natzner.

Before his death Emperor Frederick gave directions that his remains should be interred in the Garrison Church at Potsdam.

Frederick William Nicholas Charles, late Emperor of Germany, so well known to his countrymen, and observed as "Union Fritz" is dead. rymen and abroad as "Unser Fritz." is dead after a brief reign, dating from March 8 last. He was the only son of King William of Prussia and of Queen Augusta. He was born October 18, 1831, and was therefore at the time of his death well advanced in years. The first years of his childhood he passed in Balesburg, near Potsdam, where he was born. His carnest character and eminent talents were early de-veloped under the care of excellent masters, among others Prof. Ernest Curtius, who also accompanied him to the University of Bonn, where the Prince was matriculated in the law faculty. After a short stay at the University of Heidelberg the Prince returned to Berlin, still pursuing the study of law, and when his educa tion had been completed he visited several for-eign countries, among others England, where it seems he became attached to the Princess Royal, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria



ern, he entered the Prussian army early in life, where he recoived the patent of lieutenant in the First Regiment of the Guards at Pots-dam, when 10 years old. He took a lively interest in military affairs, and soon advanced to

During the troublein Schleswig-Holstein, in 848-9, he turned out with the army, and in the Danish campaign, in 1864, he served in a rather subordinate capacity.

Nevertheless, he gave sufficient proof of his great ability to cause the King to entrust to

aim the most important task in the war with Austria two years later, in 1866; namely, the command of the left Prussian wing operating n and from Silesia.

As chief of the second Prussian army, as it 150,000 men. How ably the Prince played his part and how his timely appearance on the bat-tlefield of Koniggrantz decided the fortune of

the day is well known.
In the Franco-German war, 1870-71, he acted very conspicuous part as commander of the troops of Bavaria, Wurttemburg and Baden, He led the third army which consisted of about 200,000 men and 500 guns. He won the victories of Weissenberg, August 4, and Woerth. August 6, and bore a distinguished part in the succeed-

ing events of that war. He took part in the battle of Sedan, Septem ber 1, 1870, when Field Marshal McMahon, th heretofore invincible Duke of Magenta, was de feated, and he was present the next day at the memorable surrender of Emperor Napoleon Two months later he was made field marsha



WILHELM IL, THE NEW EMPEROR.

by his father, and succeeded General Field Marshal and General Inspector Wrangel a few years ago, at the latter's death, and at the time of his accession, March 11 last, held the second highest position in the German army, being out-ranked only by his illustrious father as generalssimo and commander-in-chief.

After his father ascended the throne of Pru

sia he, as Crown Prince, took part in the more important affairs of the state, and was one of the most important members of the Imperial Council. He has always adhered to a more liberal policy than his father did, and the Liberals and Progressists in the German Empire looked to him to bring about the enactment of a more liberal policy as soon as he had a firm hold of the reins of government. At the request of his father and in the interest of the German Empire he visited a number of the foreign courts. pire he visited a number of the foreign courts.
During the period from June 4 to December 5,
1878, while his father was suffering from the effects of the attempt on his life, the Crown
Prince was the Regent of the German Empire
and of the Kingdom of Prussia, pursuant to an



Prince has shown a lively interest in the liter

ary and artistic tendencies of the present time, and, with the assistance of the Crown Princess, he has endeavored to advance German art as much as possible.

Notwithstanding the sad affliction which kept Notwithstanding the said and despate, he took him so long between hope and despate, he took hold of the affairs of the Empire with a firm hand that promised well for the German na-

ion.
The dead Emperor leaves behind him as family of five, consisting of William Frederick, who succeeds him, Prince Henry, the second son, and the three daughters, Victoria, Sophia and Margaret. William, the new Emperor, has

one son, as yet but a child.

The young man who has so suddenly, though not unexpectedly, became Emperor of Gormany, received the title of Major-General as a birthday present from the old Emperor, his grand-father, on January 27. The advanced age of the monarch, and the frail condition of the Crown Prince's health certainly had much to do with the grandson's rapid promotion. Two years ago the then Prince William ranked only as a major, and people in general looked with surprise at the slowness with which he advanced, yet all praised the thoroughness of his military

ducation.
Innumerable princelings were then above him, as well as untitled men of not much longer nim, as well as untitled men of not much longer service, for a Prussian prince receives his straps at the age of ten. He was compelled to work like the rest of his comrades, equally sub-ject to military discipline. Early and late he was with his regiment, ordered about as an or-dinary major, saluting his superiors, with little or no attention—in a military way—paid to his royal rank. But all this was changed when he wore the brilliant insignia of a Prus-sian Major General. The aged Emperor appointed him by telegraph, he being stationed at Potsdam, and a few hours later he presented himself to his grandsire in his new regimentals, beaming happily at his increased importance. Any hour might make him Crown Prince, yes Any nour might make him Grown Prince, yes, King and Emperor, and the proud old ruler thought it best to recognize this possibility, and prepare the young man for its realization.

The Crown Prince William was born in January, 1859, and is therefore twenty-nine years old, the was married February 27, 1881, to August Victoria, daughter of the late Parke Von

gusta Victoria, daughter of the late Duke Von Schleswig-Hoistein. Four children have been born to them, the eldest being William, born May 6, 1882. The Crown Prince succeeds to a

throne at an earlier age 'ban any of his family, His grandfather, William I., of Germany, was sixty-three years old when on the death of his father he was crowned King of Prussia. Emperor Frederick III. was fifty-seven at the tim of his succession. The present Emperor was his grandfather's favorite, and has always beer more in harmony with the policy of Chancellor Hismarck than his father. He is at heart a soldier, and is thoroughly German. He was carefully educated, receiving his early training under private tuition. He was well grounded in the classics, languages and mathe-matics, and was then sont to the Gymnasium at Cassel, where he was prepared for the University at Bonn. He worked hard, and was allowed few privileges. He showed a special foudness for military history and things military It is said of him while at Bonn that he was more fond of soldiers' black bread than of the most of his fellows in swimming and several other branches of athletics. He was much indulged by the students of the University, who consented to produce plays written by him. One of the plays, which was not thoroughly worthless, was "Charlemagne," being founded wortness, was "Charlemagne," being founded on the historical incident. He was placed in the First Regiment of the Guard as a First Lieutenant, after he had obtained his degree at Bonn in 1877. On the occasion of taking his military rank, Emperor William, his grandfather, said to nim: "You have learned from a study of histo-ry that all the Kings of Prussia, together with their duties as Regents, always paid chief attention to the army. The great elector gave a mighty example to his hosts by his own person al courage. Frederick knew very well when he placed the crown upon his head that he would e compelled to defend his step. He knew well, however, that his troops, tried in battle, would enable him to do so. Frederick William I., in the garrison which you now enter, and which has been well called the cradle of the Prussian army, laid the firm foundation to its organiza tion by the strict discipline which he intro-duced, without which no army can exist, and this spirit still lives. Frederick the



AUGUSTA. WIFE OF THE NEW EMPEROR

basis of the army with which he made war and fought battles that made him immortal. In the last year it was the Prussian army, with its invincible courage, its steadfast endurance, that enabled Prussia to attain the great position she now eccupies. Your youth fell in these days. You have in your father a noble example in the guidance of wars and of battles. In the service in which you are about to enter, however, you will come across matters that may exercise. will come across matters that may seem insig-nificant to you; but you will learn that in the service nothing is small, and that every stone belonging to the structure of an army must be properly formed if the completed edifice is to be firm and lasting: therefore, I bid you go and do

-A writer in a scientific journal tells "how to light a lamp with a snowoall." But who in the dickens wants to ight a lamp with a snowball when two boxes of matches can be had for five cents? And where is a fellow to find snowballs during the summer season? It would be too expensive to store up snowballs as we do ice, just for the purpose of lighting lamps, and, besides, we use gas .- Drake's Magazine.

-Don't ask a woman over thirty how old she is. Wait until she tells you and then add eight. - Sommerville Jour-

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

-The man who lends a hand too often frequently finds himself without a leg to stand on .- Boston Gazette. -The difference between Lot's wife and the average college sophomore

is too palpable to need any extended explanation. - Somerville Journal, -Dejones (of Chicago, who is visiting a friend in St. Louis in summer)-"I say, Tom, old boy, how far is St. Louis from Hades, anyway?" Tom (a native) - "Just 310 miles by rail."

-A negro out in New Jersey has seven strawberry marks on the small of the back. It was through them that he learned that the proprietor's gun was loaded. - Puck. -The printers object to having the convicts taught the mysteries of the

art preservative. The locking-up of forms, they think, is quite enough for prisoners to know .- Boston Transcript.

The freak who writes and eats with his feet is proud of the flexibility of his big toe. He says it has earned as

much money by its writings as ever Harriet Beecher Stowe did .- N. Y. Tribune. - Mr. Dusenberry, you were outrageously cheated in buying that suit. You are too easily satisfied." "Yes, dear. That's what my mother told

me when she heard I was going to marry you."-Detroit Free Press. -"I don't wish to say any thing against the individual in question," said a very polite gentleman, "but would merely remark in the language of the

poet, 'that to him truth is stranger than fiction.' " -A fond mother called the otherday apon President Patton, of Princeton, and asked anxiously if her son would be well taken care of at college. Said Dr. Patton: "Madam, we guarantee

satisfaction or return the boy."-Harper's Weekly. -Emerson says a man ought to carry pencil and note down the thoughts of the moment. Yes, and one short pencil, devoted exclusively to that use would last some men we know about 2,000 years, and then have the original

points on. - Rare-Bits. -Happy young husband-"Belle and get along amicably. Not the slightest coldness has occurred, and we have been married almost a year." Wise father-"Did you ever try to match any trimming for her?" "No I haven't." "Then your experience

hasn't commenced yet."-Life. -Young Mr. Freshly (to his tutor) -"Will you tell me something of the reign of terror? You know all about it, I believe." Absent-minded professor "Reign of terror? Know about it? I should say I did. Six children at my house-oldest nine-youngest threeand all down with the whooping-

cough."-Judge. -"You have studied the Russian language?" "No, but I think I can understand it." "If you haven's studied it you certainly can not un-derstand it." "I believe I can, though." "What makes you think so?" "I am constantly reading letters which are written by typewriter opera-

tors."—Troy Times.

—It is a curious study in the workings of the human mind to attempt to understand why the suburban or country resident should choose to disguise the fact. The country is fashionable, very. Urbans pay heavy bills and plenty of them to secure none too deboard and lodgings the Surely those to the manner born should plume themselves upon their good fortune.—Boston Commonwealth.

CONCERNING SILOS. Where They Should Be Located and How

We have have several siles of brick. two of concrete and several of wood. Wooden silos, if properly constructed, will keep silage well and are for the present cheaper, but not as durable,

The silo should be located where it is most convenient for feeding. To save space in the barn for other purpuses, the silos had better usually be outside. If silos are properly constructed, properly filled when the crop s in the best condition for cutting, and properly covered, there should be no oss worthy of note.

We have used nearly all the crops grownon the farm, but find corn most lesirable and profitable, clover next; we prefer for stock a part of each. Corn should be drilled thin enough to produce ears, which should be well glazed before cutting. Would leave it lying in the field one to three days, to wilt and partially dry before ensilsing; cut one-quarter inch, pack thoroughly and see that the corners of the silos are well filled. We prefer to fill one silo three or four feet and then change to another, leaving the first two or three days to heat. When full and the last filling has heated, cover with building paper, on which place matched planks. We weight about 150 pounds per squre foot, but some parties have good success with very little weight. Clover should be cut when nicely in bloom. It can be put in the pit and kept nicely without running through the cutter, but it will require less room in silos and probable will give better satisfaction to cut it.

Corn silage can be made at from \$1.25 to \$2 per ton, according to value, condition and production of the land. Nearness of the crop to the pit has much to do with the expense.

Clover will cost somewhat more than corn. The feeding value of an acre of good corn silage we judge to be fully equal to that of three acres of clover hay from land of the same quality, either for milk or beef.

The value of clover when properly ensiloed is, we judge, increased 75 to 100 per cent. over the same crop as ordinarily made into hay. We feed with silage about one-third hay, and when feeding for quantity of milk we feed wheat bran, and ground oats, 10 to 15 pounds per day; in winter when the cows are in full flow, and when testing for butter we change the feed to one-third each corn meal, wheat bran and ground oats. We have fed silage largely for eight years, and have never seen any injurious effects from its use. The sile is destined to revolutionize the dairy and cattle breeding interests of the Eastern and Middle States. - Smiths, Powell & Lamb, in Rural New Yorker.